

War Cry
 Around the World
 THE SALVATION ARMY
 AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE
 SALVATION ARMY CANADA

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The "War Cry" Office.

Our plain war-cry with its driver stones, our plain office with its simple furniture, and from its busy hands the sheets are hurried, filling Salvation gladness to a darkened world.

We are very glad at the commencement of our fourth volume to be able to present our readers with a view of our new building, and some sketches of the interior of the busy hive which our massenging sheets are issued.

Three years ago at a few days notice the Canadian "War Cry" was started, under very dangerous circumstances in an old rear building

Richmond street, and there up to within the

last few weeks battling with our ever increasing circulation and the inadequacy of the press and our disposal, we have managed to meet and bear our burdens.

Quite true, at times we have had serious delays often under pressure of time, and have been compelled to drop out a sheet or two, but we have much regretted, but as we look back upon all that has brought us through, the struggles and difficulties of the past are now almost dwarfed into nothingness as compared with the success of the future. We have

as already has been mentioned the old Albert street church immediately adjacent to the Temple, has been purchased, and these commodious premises which the Lord and His people will be utilized in supplying heat and electric light to Headquarters itself.

A year ago our sheets were being turned off

by one "Wharfside" press, to-day two of the circulation and the inadequacy of the press and our disposal, we have managed to meet and bear our burdens.

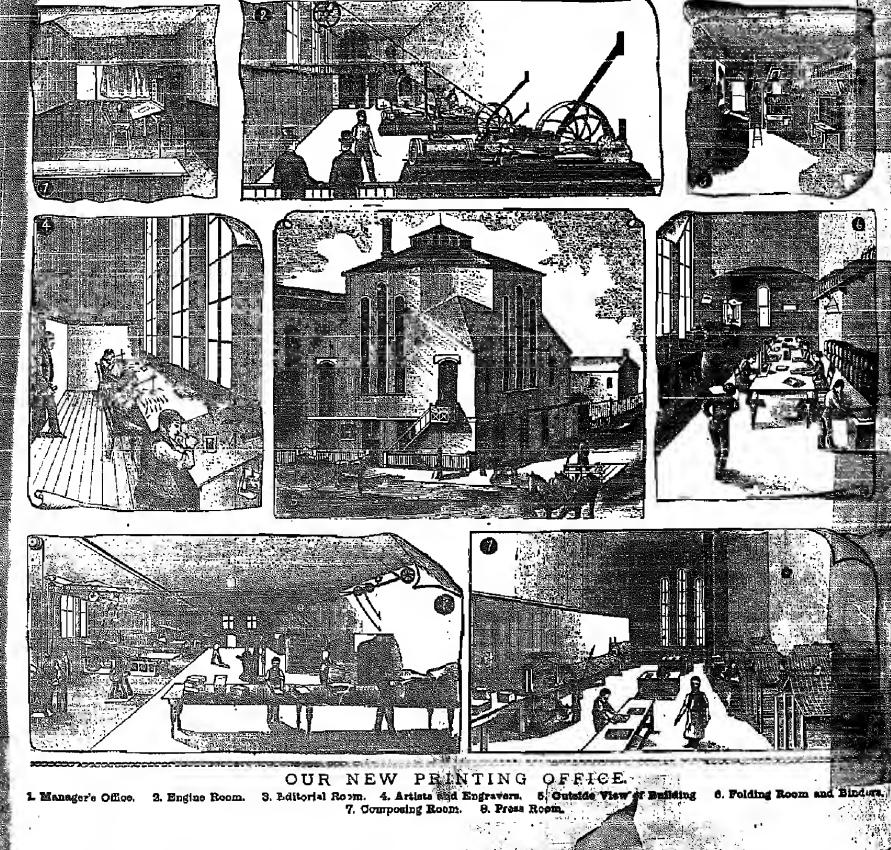
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in, both of concern and those outside us, who have always espoused the greatest harmony and who have always given the most perfect devotions of mind, and energy, and self-interest to the common and the law.

That the "Cry" is appreciated, our increased popularity, and the steady growth of our subscription list, and the number of friends that have given a blessing, is a matter of common knowledge. Still it is better for us to let the world understand that every sheet brings its own correspondence telling of the blessings received by the people by the vehicles and the word.

Asking all our friends, within all countries, and among all our shortcomings, and woes are more kindly alive to them than ours, and we trust for their sake we may receive a blessing from the experience He has sent to our profit in the past, with His help and favor we go on to better and to brighter things. Bring us

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG.



OUR NEW PRINTING OFFICE.

1. Manager's Office. 2. Engine Room. 3. Editorial Room. 4. Artists and Engravers. 5. Outside View of Building. 6. Folding Room and Bindery. 7. Composing Room. 8. Press Room.



Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1. Our Canadian Army.

BY THE MINISTER.

TUNE.—"Men of Heaven."

Sixty thousand of Canadas;
And ten thousand true Christians
Against the devil and his fallen allies,
Fighting for their God,
East and west a terror,
From Atlantic to Pacific,
Marching to Heavenly music;
As all saints have trod.

They stand around the timber,
With iron cymbals.
The drums beat,
The devil's kingdom trembles;
Onward, forward, devil routing,
Kings believing, never doubting;
Praying, fighting, victory, shouting,
We shall win the day.

CHORUS: Repeat. Then sound aloud, etc.

See our legions of salvation,
Marching in Divine array;

Save us from the curse of damnation;

By the power of Christ,

See the Cross, the Crown, the Glory,

Offered in salvation's story,

Sought enjoyed by young and holy,

In every people, in every spot,

The standard in the battle!

We mean to safely pilot,

To heaven's bright of pure delight,

Smashing down our wrong opinions,

Hitting down our false conditions,

Declaring true old conditions,

Salvation fell in Christ.

CHORUS: Repeat. Then sound aloud, etc.

Dreadless angels wait to welcome,
This great army of the Kingdom,

And pronounce them truly handsome

Filled with Holy Ghost.

The great S. A. means saved all over,
With the love of God's the master,

For ever a lover.

Of a bloodstained host,

They hail ye Eastern legions,

And you from Western regions,

In right and wrong will bless.

The hosts of the world,

Who through diverse persecutions,

Praise, conflicts and temptations,

Are the wonder of the nations,

In salvation war.

CHORUS: Repeat. Then sound aloud, etc.

2. The Army March.

BY LUTHER WEISS.

TUNE.—"The very first that ever was made."

The very first woman obeyed,

The Salvation Army I hear people say

Are a very popular lot,

They sing more noise and commotion

to-day.

Than anything else that we've got,

You'll hear their "dum" wherever you go.

And our "uniform" you'll see,

And I'm one of those who like to know,

How, we of the crowd, can get free, get free,

Oh, my how happy I'd be

—CHORUS.

But still the army marches on

No matter what people say,

An' the rest might,

We continue the fight,

And His voice we will ever obey, obey,

chay;

And keep on the Heavenly way.

Now, dear Mr. Crile, don't trouble your mind

You may just as well take your ease;

To be as good like us, we don't feel inclined,

So long as the Saviour we please,

We're "Merry" who was always bad

And "Son" from the "sinning rink,"

"And Jimmie" who used to drink & drive,
And Jimmie used to go to bordello,
And Jimmie used to hang around
Hanging in our dolls.

Tell me he couldn't drink anything more,
When I first saw the army myself, I saw

That it didn't much like their style.

They did such strange things; but I saw

'twas their way.

And got used to it after a while.

He'd eat their words and gave me tig.,

As the words to my heart was son;

Tell me he got right, and after that night

I liked them so well that I went and went,

and went,

Tell me, at last, I went with them to stay.

Now, friends throw your prejudices all to one side

And quickly sound up the cost,

Cost of your pride in the cleaving tide

And here's to the saving tide.

If for you don't get saved yourself,

You'll discover your state, bet 'twill be too late.

When you find yourself travelling down

and down, down,

Right down to the bottomless ph.

—CHORUS.

Call to Arms!

(Written for the opening of the Montreal T. H.)

BY FRANCIS.

TUNE.—"Forward for God and the right."

Hark! there's a cry to arm!

Hear ye the battle cry?

O, who will answer now?

Lord, here am I!

—CHORUS.

Forward to the French to save,

For that such every danger we will brave;

In our Savoir's night

We'll stand, and stand,

And each slave shall be

From the bondage free.

En Avant! En Avant!

Ever Forward! our war cry.

Long suit in darkest night,

By supervision bound;

Brothers and sisters thine

To thy are due.

—CHORUS.

Streams in the Desert.

BY SAMMY HINCKS, CONVENTION.

TUNE.—"Beautiful Hands; Beating Hands."

—CHORUS.

Beautiful streams in the desert first forth,

In the wilderness hearts of most to were lost;

Streams from the fount of Immortal veins;

The fount where we lose all our guilty stains;

The fount where we lose all our guilty stains;

—CHORUS.

Beautiful streams, beautiful streams

Streams from the fount of Immortal veins;

Beautiful streams from the river of life,

That flows from the heart and brain of God;

That was that was formed at Christ's cross;

(My Saviour the victim) for man who was lost;

(My Saviour the victim) for man who was lost;

Beautiful streams from this fountain which

Flows from the heart and brain of God;

To wash humanity's profane below;

Love, joy, peace, so many more I can't tell.

But I know that He waters His garden right well;

But I know that He waters His garden right well;

Beautiful streams ever flowing for me,

Cause Jesus now dwells in my heart; do you see;

And the richer of this sweet glory I know,

Faith is my joy and my treasure below,

They have sacrificed their homes and friends,

Their health and reputation;

To go and dwell in India land;

And preach that Great Salvation.

Our comrades now have gone down east

To tell the French Canada news;

That Jesus died upon the cross.

It purchases their salvation;

Although the fighting there is hard,

They're doing sometimes much harm,

With Jesus on their ranks to lead.

Old Beckford cannot stop them;

